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THE

Bold Sailor.

To which are added,

THE IRISH INVASION.

A TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

The FAINT-HEARTED BATCHELOR.

THE MAID'S ANSWER.

The TRAVELLING CHAPMAN.

TEARS WASH MY SAD CHEEKS.

If e'er I DO WELL 'tis a WONDER.

GLASGOW,
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THE BOLD SAILOR.

MY love he has ta'en on a bold ſailor to be,
The French & the Spaniards I long for to ſee,
He's enter'd with Bridport and his companie,
And left his poor wife and ſmall family

I've been drinking brandy all this long day,
And to clear the ſcore coſt me guineas three,
It would been better ſpent upon my family,
Hard fortune has cauſed this thing upon me.

Be merry my deary whilſt I come again,
And I'll fetch you gold and riches from Spain;
With riches and jewels my love ſhall put on,
She ſhall be dreſt like Diana or ſome royal one.

I value not your riches nor none of your rings,
Your ſilks nor your ſattins, nor any ſuch things;
But your own dear company would be better to me,
I pray ſtay at home with your ſmall family.

The ſhips being all rigg'd and now under ſail,
And now I begin with my ſorrowful tale,
So fare you well Johnny the joy of my heart,
My heart it's a breaking to think we ſhould part.

She ſtood on the ſhore as long as ſhe could ſee,
She cry'd to her true love as loud as could be;
But I will now mourn till the day that I die,
Till kind fortune return my dear Johnny to me.

Her friends and neighbours they all did her ſee,
And a good counſel to her they did gi e,
But all they ſaid to her it would not her move,
Crying if I had but wings I would fly to my love.

THE IRISH INVASION.

YOU all muſt have heard, and long will remember,
How Monſieur ſet ſail in the month of December;
His purſe it was light, and few ſtores in his pantry,
Which brought him to anchor in th' Iriſh Bay Bantry.
Fal lal deral lal deral lal.

Says Monſieur to Pady,—pray deareſt believe me
Permit me on ſhore, and I'll liberty give ye;
I'm come at your bidding, 'pour mak de invaſion,
I thank you ſays Paddy—there's no great occaſion.
Fal, etc.

Says Paddy to Monſieur—if e'er we forgather,
(Tho' faith I adviſe you to ſtick to your tether)
On ſhore, we will whack you, were your number
een double, (trouble.
Tho' I'd rather you'd drown, and 'twill ſave us the
Fal, etc.

When Monſieur then found he could not get a ſlice,
He up with his anchor, took Paddy's advice;
The night it was ſtormy, his ſhip it was crazy,
So down went poor Monſieur, and Paddy was eaſy.
Fal lal deral lal deral lal.

A TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

ALL you good people I pray you attend,
Unto theſe few verſes which here I've penn'd
Concerning proviſions that are very dear,
Not like to be cheaper in this preſent year.

The firſt is the Farmer that ſoweth the corn,
I'm ſure they're as big rogues as ever was born;
They are not content with their going on,
Tho' the grain turns out nine hundred to one.

The next is the miller that grinds in the mill,
He's ſure to take care his own bags for to fill;
The Devil's ſo buſy at taking his toll,
Firſt with his diſh and then with his bowl.

The next is the Baker his oven does heat,
And he makes bread the poor people to cheat;
And when his bread's baken it's foggy as yarn,
It is puffed up and well ſpunged with barm.

If you go to the market for to buy ſome meat,
You muſt watch the Butcher, or he will you cheat,
He'll cock up his ſtill-yard and make it go down,
And ſwear it is weight tho' it want a whole pound.

The Gardeners they ſit all in a row,
With potatoes and carrots, and cabbage alſo;
They are as great villains as you could lack,
They might ſell potatoes at fourpence per peck.

As for the ſhop-keepers I think they are worſe,
For they cheat us in tobacco and ſnuff;
O all they want is poor people to cheat,
For they make it out by ſelling ſhort weight.

We're pinch'd in our bellies as alſo our clothes,
The ſhoemaker he pinches all of our ſhoes;
I'm ſure the poor people have reaſon to ſing,
And wiſh all theſe rogues in a halter to ſwing.

The Farmer, and Miller, and Butcher don't fail,
They're fond of pulling Old Nick by the tail;
If they do not lower the price of the meat,
Jack catch in a halter will make them to ſweat.

THE FAINT-HEARTED BATCHELOR.

LONG time I have courted a bonny fair maid,
But now for to marry her I am afraid,
If ſhe prove with child my ſorrow begins,
Then I muſt provide both blankets and pins,
Blankets and pins, blankets and pins,
Then I muſt provide both blankets and pins.

When my wife lies in the charges are great,
There is bread and cheeſe for the goſſips to eat,
There's gruel and ſugar for the lying in wife,
Theſe things are ſufficient to plague a man's life.
Blankets and pins, blankets and pins, etc.

There is ſugar and butter to get for the child,
All this is ſufficient to put a man wild,
A ſpoon and a ſauce-pan, the milk for to boil,
A cradle alſo for to quiet the child
Blankets and pins, blankets and pins, etc.

The midwife wants money, & nurſe-keeper too,
And trade is ſo bad there is nothing to do,
There is nothing to do, which makes me run wild,
All this to provide for another man's child.
Blankets and pins, blankets and pins, etc.

There's ſlabbering bubs and barries alſo,
And ſhoes and ſtockings when the child can go;
When the child can ſpeak, he muſt go to ſchool,
I pray who would marry to be ſuch a fool?
Blankets and pins, blankets and pins, etc.

THE MAID'S ANSWER.

YOU poor ſilly fellow, forbear now to rue,
If ever I marry it ſhan't be with you,

For you that conſiders theſe things at the firſt,
The woman that marries you ſurely is curſt,
She ſurely is curſt, that e'er will have you,
Therefore ſorry fellow, I bid you adieu.

Whoever does get you, full hard is her lot,
You'll know how much meal will thicken the pot;
The loaf in the cupboard all day it may ly,
Though ſhe with ſad hunger be ready to cry.
She ſurely is curſt, that e'er will have you,
Therefore ſorry fellow, I bid you adieu.

THE TRAVELLING CHAPMAN.

COntentment conſiſts not in wealth I'm ſure,
Nor yet in a great ſtore of riches,
For although that my winning be very ſma',
Yet I have contentment, that's beſt of a'.

I travell'd all day, but no money did get,
Not ſo much as a penny appear'd in my ſight:
You may ſuppoſe that my winning was ſma',
But I have contentment, that's beſt of a'.

I travell'd all day with a pack on my back,
I aſk'd every perſon what they did lack,
They pric'd my goods, but bought nothing at a',
Yet I have contentment, that's beſt of a'.

I went to ſome Ladies to ſell my goods,
Some muſlins and fine cambricks fit for hoods,
They ruffled my goods, but bought none at a',
Yet I have contentment, that's beſt of a'.

Sometimes my bed-chamber is not very neat,
Being ſometimes of barley, often of wheat,
At other times, but the bare barn wa';
Yet I have contentment, that's beſt of a'.

I have no other ſometimes but the barn floor,
Inſtead of a window, a hole in the door,
Where day-light ſhines in, tho' it be but ſma',
Yet I have contentment, that's beſt of a'.

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TEARS WASH MY SAD CHEEKS.

TEars waſh my ſad cheeks whilſt I relate the ſtory,
of Henry the braveſt of all Britiſh Tars,
Cover'd with laurels, ſurrounded with glory,
his ſcars ſhew'd the ſhare that he had in the wars.

Under brave Rodney he fought and obtain'd,
both the thanks & applauſe of his captain & crew,
But cruel the fate and unkind that ordain'd
ſuch an end to my Henry, ſo brave and ſo true.

With rapture he fixed his fond eyes upon me,
the few hours he'd leave for to ſpend upon ſhore;
My heart, how it beat when he tore himſelf from me;
tho' little I thought I would ne'er ſee him more:

His feet ſcarce on deck, when by danger ſurrounded,
the ſhip Royal George to the deep was conſign'd,
Brave Kempenfelt ſunk, & my Henry confounded;
by death's near approach, to his fate was reſign'd.

In ſo noble a ſhip, a commander ſo brave,
the nation had cauſe her ſad fate to deplore,
And the hundreds of ſouls overwhelm'd by the waves,
claim'd the tears of their widows on ſhore;

But Henry my love, my dear Henry to me,
as a nation was all my heart could deplore;
But a victim he's fall'n to the turbulent ſea,
& his faithful fond Nancy can ne'er ſee him more.

IF E'ER I DO WELL 'TIS A WONDER.

WHen I was a young lad my fortune was bad,
if e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder;
I ſpent all my means on whores, bauds, and queans,
then I got a commiſſion to plunder.
Fal lal, de ral, etc.

The hat I have on ſo greaſy is grown,
remarkable it is for its ſhining;
'Tis ſtitch'd all about, without button or loop,
and never a bit of a lining. Fal lal, etc.

The coat I have on ſo thread bare is grown,
ſo out at the arm-pits and elbows,
That I look as abſurd as a ſailor on board,
that has lain fifteen months in the bilboes. etc.

My ſhirt it is tore both behind and before,
the colour is much like a cinder;
'Tis ſo thin and ſo fine, that it is my deſign,
to preſent it to the muſes for tinder. Fal, etc.

My blue fuſtian breeches are worn to the ſtitches,
my legs you may ſee what's between them:
My pockets all four, I'm the ſon of a whore,
if there's ever one farthing within them. etc.

I've ſtockings, 'tis true, but the devil a ſhoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather:
Be damn'd the boot-ſole, curſe on the ſpur-rol,
confounded be the upper-leather. Fal lal, etc.

Had ye then but ſeen the ſad plight I was in,
ye'd not ſeen ſuch a poet 'mong twenty;
I have nothing that's full, but my ſhirt and my ſcull
for my pockets and belly are empty. Fal lal, etc.

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